

FOGGY BOTTOM



Published from time to time for the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association
Volume 2 June 1959 Number 8

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

By Rhea Radin

My initiation to Foggy Bottom was depressing. I had been considered out of my mind by most of my friends when I decided to remodel the shell that was then 2417 Eye Street, and the cold January day in 1954 when I moved in was most inauspicious.

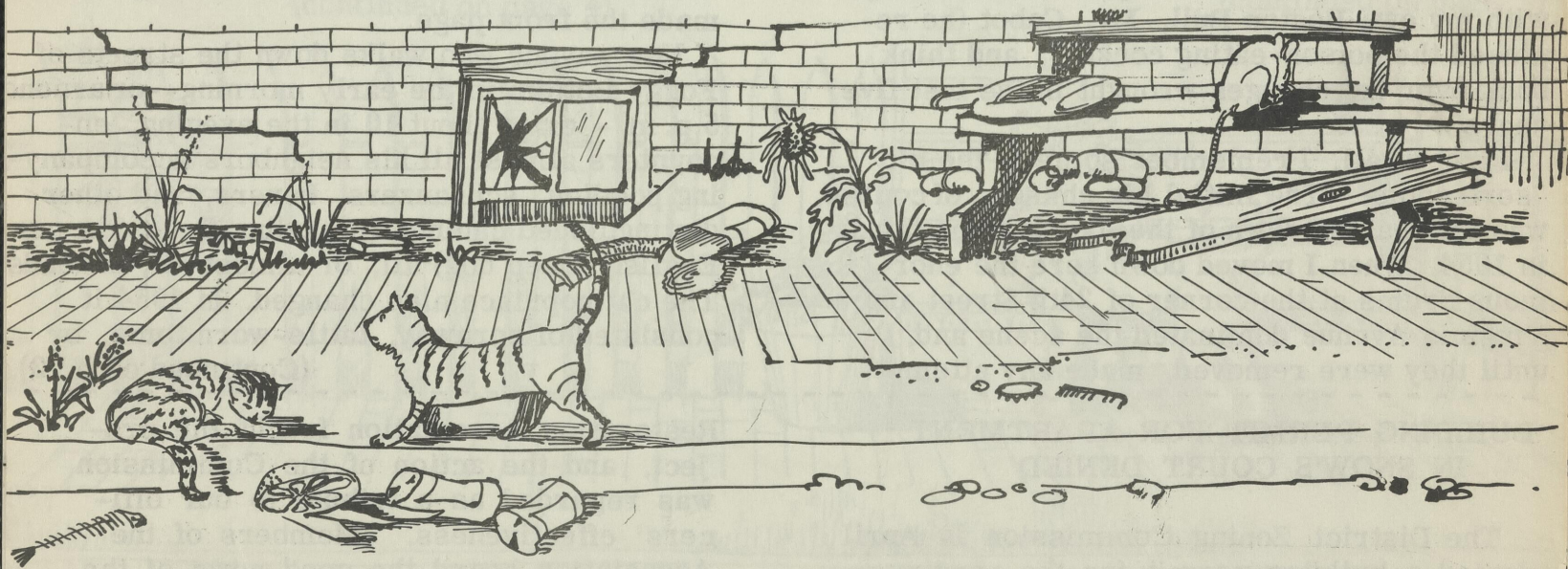
First of all, my cocker spaniel puppy, Stephanie, ate for her first lunch in her new residence, several cupfuls of rat poison that I had foresightedly put about the floors. A trip to the vets while movers were struggling with my furniture did not raise my spirits.

On one side of me was 2415 Eye, that darling little air-conditioned house with the arboreal garden that Morella Hanson now lives in alone. At that time it was occupied by several families totalling more than twenty-five; it was heated by a wood stove, the odor of which filtered through the walls, and it was serviced by an outdoor privy, ditto. On the other side of me, 2419 Eye, now happily inhabited by Eleanor Mitchell and her niece Anne, was abandoned, condemned, and cold. Snow's Court had been evacuated by the teeming hundreds that had crowded into it, but no restoration had yet started and it took even more imagination than I had at that

moment to visualize it as what I have since called in my advertisements, "a charming little mews."

It was not until the following May that Charlie Norris, Jr. approached me and suggested that I work with Woodward and Norris in trying to sell houses in Foggy Bottom, either restored or to be remodeled. At this point there were four more that were almost finished at 2616 through 2622 Eye St. At first I assured Charlie vehemently that I was the worst person in the world to try to sell houses. For my sins, I was once a psychiatric social worker, and my training was all in the direction of protecting people against people who wanted to sell them houses. Then I began thinking about it seriously and I realized that I myself was by this time completely sold on the future of the area, and since I believed in it perhaps I could persuade other people.

I sold my first house within a week. It was 2616 Eye Street and Mr. Sam Rabat (who still lives there) bought it, bless him. It took me four months to sell another. In the interim however, the Robitschers had been taking long strides in reincarnating Snow's Court.



From the Bottom Up - Continued

Larry Brandt had done his six houses on the corner of 25th and Eye, and Ben and Dorothy Burch had transformed Green's Court. Four of those houses are still owned by Eleanor Dulles who bought them from the beginning. My predictions about the reflowering of Foggy Bottom became more and more convincing, at least to myself.

The last of our three Courts, Hughes' Court, was restored in the Spring of 1955 and five of the original settlers are still there: Our editor, Charlie Rogers in 917, Benita Belden and Sara Reese in 921, Velva Rudd in 911, and Marvin Mohler in 923. By this time the atmosphere was considerably changed, the term Foggy Bottom was no longer a slur (in fact, I even had gone so far as to refer to it as "Fond de Brume" in my advertisements) and Georgetown was beginning to look with startled amazement at its neighbor. Russell Eldridge, who built the first group of houses in Snow's Court for the Robitschers, was no longer complaining that houses in Foggy Bottom were bound to be a loss because nobody would move there. Indeed, he was beginning to look avidly for more houses to remodel and he has in fact remodeled and built some of the nicest ones in the area. Slowly the appearance of streets as a whole changed. The 2600 block of Eye was the first to take on a complete "new look." With the completion of The Elise apartments on the east side of New Hampshire, the little houses that had already been done on the west side, most of them in the early days, no longer had to face on slums. The 2400 block of Eye, now that Mr. Sharek's houses are all finished, also is close to completion, and great inroads have been made of course both on 25th and 26th Sts. Between Eye and "K", 27th Street was already all remodeled by 1957.

I am far from my momentary depression of 1954. In fact, it is hard for me not to feel a little smug and I-told-you-so-ish as I stroll down the streets of our "sophisticated village" with my own Boston Bull, Mr. Cabot (he replaced the poison-eating cocker), and think back over the changes wrought in the last five years.

First of all, I remember some of the old "sore spots." The initial big change, of course, was the tearing down of the looming gas tanks in 1954. When I moved down here the enormous drums at the corner of 24th Street and Virginia Avenue dominated the scene and, until they were removed, made any attempt

BUILDING PERMIT FOR APARTMENT IN SNOW'S COURT DENIED

The District Zoning Commission in April denied a building permit for the construction of an 8-story apartment in Snow's Court facing on 24th. The Foggy Bottom

at reconstruction very unconvincing. When I was showing my first houses in the summer of 1954, I was already telling prospects of the plans for the Potomac Plaza. It took more than two years, and a good many disappointments, before these plans materialized. Then there was the corner of 25th and Eye, where Rosenblatt's Market tottered; that was a depressing dirty old building that cluttered up the corner and made it hard to enjoy the houses remodeled close to it. It was a great thrill for me the day that Natalie Beaulieu bought it. It is difficult now to look at that swank sparkling little apartment house and remember the odor of fish and rotting vegetables that corner used to exude.

And there were the empty lots and alleys where the dregs of the former population used to congregate with floating crap games in the summer and their bon-fires in the winter. They may have been picturesque, but somehow I think the gay little painted houses in the courts, the new group of town houses at 24th and New Hampshire and on the 24th, 25th, and 26 hundred blocks of Eye St., are a substantial improvement over the mementos of ashes and broken glass that menaced the legs and lives of ourselves and our pets.

As a matter of fact, one of the signposts of change in the Bottom is the composition of our animal population. When I came to live here in 1954, the dogs of the area were of dubious and extremely mixed parentage. They were apt to swarm around the area, unescorted, sniffing at garbage cans or chasing cats. This era was climaxed by the notorious unmarried mother called Lady who had her litter under the newly-laid floor of 2425 Eye Street (Betty Miller's house) which was at that time being remodeled by Binx Kuhn. The extrication of the puppies from under the flooring, involving pulling up a brand new floor and the combined efforts of Binx, his workmen and the Animal Rescue League, made the front page.

Now anyone who walks down the streets of Foggy Bottom in the early morning--or around 5 p. m.--or at about 10 in the evening, encounters almost all his neighbors accompanying poodles, schnauzers, boxers, and other distinguished canines (including Cressida, our English sheep dog) all, or almost all, on leads. The cat populace also changed. In 1954 it consisted of scrawny, tattle-worn toms, or

(Continued on p. 3)

Restoration Association fought the project, and the action of the Commission was regarded as a tribute to our officers' effectiveness. Members of the Association heard the good news of the Commission's action from President Herb Socks at our April meeting.

From the Bottom Up -Continued

sad-looking females worn out from too many litters. Now all the cats in the neighborhood, whatever their lineage, look sleek and well-fed and few owners even let them appear on the streets, with the notable exception of June Millers' black and white feline, who trots along happily beside her on a red leather leash. There is also a great preponderance of haughty Siamese, extending from Dr. Harris' at 800 New Hampshire and spotted through Eye Street, at the Van Wagenens' (2423 Eye), and on 25th Street with the excessively attractive little "Clyde" belonging to the McLaughlins. (Clyde is a lady who not only doesn't realize she's a she, but doesn't even understand she's a cat.) I suspect my own blue-point "Suchitta" is the dean of the Siamese; he arrived here with me and made his first experimental forays on that cold January morning in 1954.

Although the renaissance of Foggy Bottom dates only from that year, several houses have already changed hands. The Gundersons at 2631 Eye Street bought theirs from floor plans and were in Korea when it was finished. It was rented for almost two years before they returned; Willie Gunderson then initiated a most elaborate redecorating job, changed its personality to fit her furniture and her mood, and is now living in quasi-oriental splendor. 920 25th Street has changed owners twice; Dick and Helena Barnes bought it first and had no idea of leaving it until the Atomic Energy Commission moved halfway to Frederick. Then Frances Whipple bought and cherished it for the few months until her untimely death. Now, Colonel Ed. Murphy has moved in and has again reconverted its personality.

Quite a few others have also changed hands, including 2416 Eye Street, that Len Boykin and George McGill used to own and is now enjoyed by Bill Morin; 2423 Eye, remodeled

(continued on page 4)

KENNARD & KENNARD



ARCHITECTS
WASHINGTON DC

Shirley and Hunter Kennard are working overtime these days to finish their architect's workroom at their home in Chevy Chase in time to open shop for business July 15. On that date the firm of Kennard & Kennard will take a brave new step forward, when Hunter resigns his position as Senior Architect with Capital Airlines to devote full time to private practice, which has now grown beyond part-time proportions.

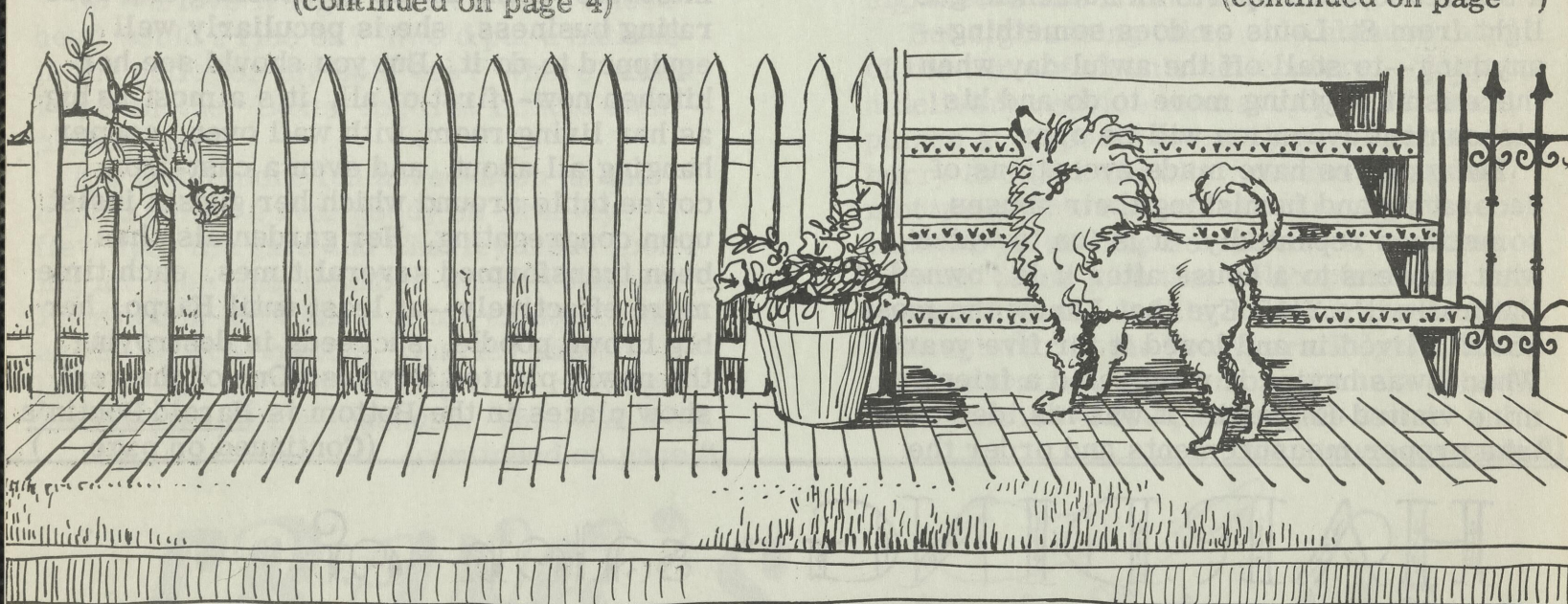
Both Hunter and Shirley are registered architects -- Hunter a graduate of the University of Virginia (1949) and Shirley of Cornell (1950) -- and both have practiced their profession in Washington ever since they finished school.

Hunter's first job was with the firm of Corning and Moore, his second with Faulkner, Kingsbury, and Stenhouse. He went to Capital Airlines in 1956.

Shirley came to Washington by invitation. Impressed with her design skill, the late Horace W. Peaslee selected her from her graduating class to help him work up plans for the competition to design the new Cosmos Club. After Mr. Peaslee won the commission he put Shirley to work helping to design and supervise construction of the club.

Shirley went to work for Faulkner, Kingsbury, and Stenhouse in 1953, where she and Hunter first met. They were married the following Spring -- April 3, 1954. (When the elderly court house clerk who wrote out their

(continued on page)



rinehart's SUNOCO

VIRGINIA AVENUE AT 27TH

FEDERAL 3-9829

From the Bottom Up -Continued
inch by inch Hunter and Shirley Kennard, and now inhabited by Dee and Nan Van Wagenen. 900, 902, 904, 908, and 910, five of the six houses remodeled by Larry Brandt in 1954, have already switched owners. So has the first one that was finished in Hughes Court (915), bought originally by Herb Packer and now owned by Ginny Robards. 914 25th has also the distinction of being thrice sold; Jerry and Charlotte Seward, with a second baby on the way, finally moved to larger quarters and Margaret Hays of the State Department has become the proud new owner. Jane Wurz of Green's Court bought the Adam's little house with the side patio at 2633, and Ross and Mac Stevens have converted 2614 Eye Street into a completely contemporary interior. This was the house the Prostov's originally remodeled in 1954 and furnished with a strong oriental influence (at least partially due to the fact that Billie and Gene Prostov had at that time recently returned from a tour in Korea and Singapore).

And then there is the little house that isn't there. At least, it is of course very much with us. Sometimes I wonder whether it will ever be completed, let alone change hands. It is 918 25th Street, being built (since 1955) by Bob Keith--practically alone and with such loving care that he apparently can't bear to finish it. Anytime it seems to be almost done, he takes out and replaces a staircase, or imports an authentic gas light from St. Louis or does something--anything--to stall off the awful day when there isn't anything more to do and his pleasantest avocation will be over.

Many others have made avocations of decorating and furnishing their houses, sometimes repeatedly. It is fun to watch what happens to a house after it is "owned." Naturally it's 2417 Eye that I know the most about; I lived in and loved it for five years. When I was having it remodeled a friend of mine visited England. It was his idea to take proper measurements and order the

wrought iron there. Also, there is the fountain. I am not sure the Sumptions (Dale and Ellen), who are the present owners, know it was formally christened "Radin's Folly." You see, when I first thought of it, it sounded so simple; just a few more bricks, a little water piping, a minor electrical connection, a few extra hours of terracing. Well! The sum total toted up to an extravagance that can only be compared to those of some of the less attractive Roman emperors.

Then there is the house that Sis and Gordon Campbell bought at 922 25th Street. That has already had two different souls; a peach-colored one for the first three years, and recently an oceany-green conversion. Sis insists the main reason this was the house she wanted was because of the Arthur Rackham gnarled tree in the patio and they have planned their outdoor living around it; it is also famous for its copper (I mean real copper) bar, made by Gordon, and the superb Sir Robert Peele mantle that Gordon brought out of his family attic and installed over his fireplace. Herb Socks, our revered president, at 2503 Eye Street has used his house (with the permission of George MacKinnon, who owns half of it) as if it were the Jeckyl or the Hyde aspect of his personality. The other half is in the 70 acres near Leesburg.

Pip Johnson at 2628 "K" Street changes the personality of her house at regular intervals; being in the remodeling and decorating business, she is peculiarly well equipped to do it. But you should see her kitchen now--first of all, it's almost as big as her living room, with wall oven, copper hanging all about, and even a cast-iron coffee table around which her guests insist upon congregating. Her garden also has been transformed several times, each time more effectively--at least until Harpo, her big brown poodle, succeeds in destroying the newly planted flowers. One of the real show places in the Bottom is Harold Boutin's

(Continued on page)

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LETTER FROM PENELOPE (Our K Street Cardinal)

Bulletin . Penelope, the 27th Street pet cardinal, was AWOL as we were preparing to go to press on Memorial Day. Searching parties fanned out in all directions but no clues were uncovered, except for a report that a male cardinal was seen in the neighborhood. Fowlplay was suspect. Friends of Penelope pray that she may be nesting happily not far away.

I've just moved into the Bottom; I'm pretty, a redhead, young and single. I don't pay taxes or rent, nor do I work . . . have a very nice house and two very attractive bachelors pay all expenses. I have them eating out of my hand -- or am I confused? Maybe I eat out of theirs . . . they weren't hard to train either.

I keep whatever hours I please; in fact, they leave a window open for me when I come in late. Sometimes fermented raisins get the best of me; but, I always make it to the bathroom, where I sleep on the shower curtain rail.

This may sound awfully acrobatic -- to you, but not to me, for I'm a bird, a real bird.

Penelope is the name, and should I happen to dive bomb your patio, don't take a swat at me; just get out the lettuce leaves, the raisins, a small spot of Bourbon, and sunflower seeds. Please peel the latter, they are so much nicer that way.

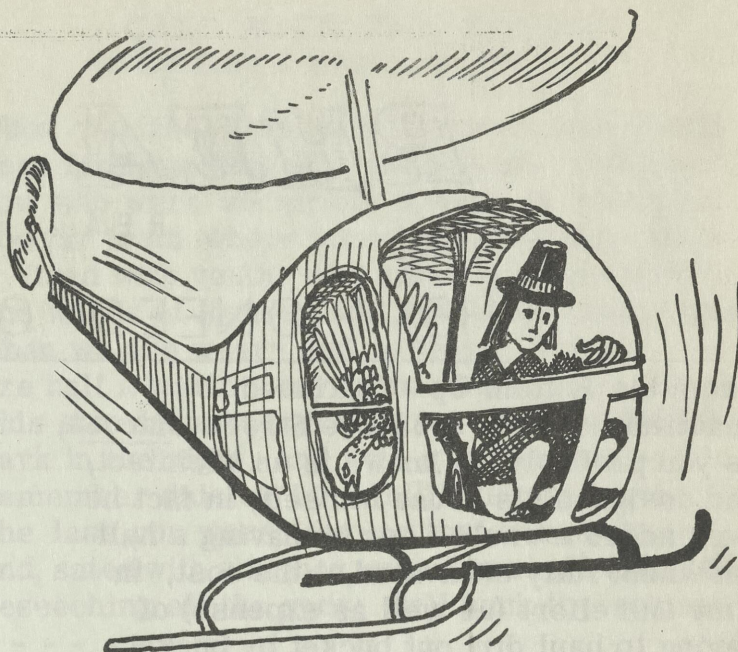
The bachelors I live with at 915 27th St. -- Charlie Mayo and Frank McMahon--didn't know what they were getting into the day Charlie found me, a very bedraggled cardinal, and brought me home. Charley had every intention of turning me loose, perhaps to fly to Roosevelt Island, the nearest bird sanctuary.

From what I've heard about that island, it is about to become anything else but; and besides have you ever tried to nest on a clover leaf? No indeedy, not for me!

No -- I love it right where I am. Whose head would I ride on? Who'd put a bathtub in the patio for my sole use? Where would I find another Boxer dog that I could completely cow?

It's much more fun here--such as the night I pulled a real goody on Charley! I flew over the gate and Charley came looking for me. The neighbor whose rosebush I nestled in didn't know of my existence and as the search went on, Charley came a-knocking at the door asking if he could get his bird out of the rosebush. This was a bit

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FOGGY BOTTOM'S AIRLINE

One of our neighbors in Foggy Bottom lives close enough to his business to keep an eye on it much of the time, if he has a mind to. Sometimes his business is flying around overhead -- it takes off and comes to rest on the former site of a large gas tank at the corner of 26th Street and Virginia Avenue.

Our neighbor's business is helicopter service--he's John B. Hichborn, whose home is 2627 Eye Street. John is founder and president of Pilgrim Helicopter Services, Inc., and part of his business is sightseeing.

The whirlybird that you hear buzzing around belongs to John's company. Several of his neighbors are stockholders in the company and many have taken the 8-minute sight-seeing flight--the Clifford Evans of 2621 Eye, Betty and Harry Brown of Green's Court, Priscilla Johnson on K at 27th, among others. The flight covers approximately 8 miles and commands a view of the principal sights of the city. About half of the sightseers are from out of town.

But sightseeing takes only about a third of the time of John's helicopters. They do a delivery service to nearby places, meet planes at airports to carry people in a hurry to reach the city, rescue stranded motorists (snow storms), carry photographers up to snap aerial views, and numerous other jobs that helicopters are designed to do. John's company owns two helicopters. In the two years Pilgrim has been operating, the company's helicopters have carried 4,500 passengers some

(continued on page 8)

FRANK'S

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8am - 6pm

- 5 -

haircuts / 25

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THE PIONEER OF FOGGY BOTTOM

From the Bottom Up -Continued
beautiful house at 2635 Eye Street. Harold, as you probably all know, is an architect, and designed his house himself; in fact he even added a whole floor by having a half-basement fully excavated at the cost, in time and effort (as well as expense) of having to haul dirt out bucket by bucket. A few of his specialties include a walnut parquet floor, a crystal chandelier that is almost as large as one of the houses in Green's Court, and a charming wall fountain in the garden.

Each time Mr. Cabot and I walk down the street, from my own new house at 902 New Hampshire--down New Hampshire, back up 25th Street--or down Eye to the river, I am reminded of the different and delightful details that have transformed each house I pass from the bare building I once knew and in which I often spent my Sunday afternoons, into the particular abode of its new owner. I wish I could describe all the interiors. They give fascinating glimpses into the personality of our friends and neighbors. But after all, you know them as well as I. These are your own homes.

* * * * *

Kennard and Kennard -Continued
marriage license asked each to indicate "occupation" and each answered "architect," he lowered his eye-glasses and took a long look at the young couple. Then he drawled: "Sure is going to be a merger.") Since their marriage they have been operating a limited architectural practice, with Shirley carrying a large part of the burden.

During their professional life in Washington these two talented architects have had part in a wide variety of work with designs of large institutional, commercial, and technical structures, including the gymnasium and science building for Cathedral School for Girls, Providence and Suburban Hospitals, Armed Forces Institute

of Pathology, additions to Asbury Methodist Home, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, WTOP Broadcast House, as well as apartments and homes.

One of the homes they designed was their honeymoon house on Eye Street, Foggy Bottom. Hunter had already bought the unrenovated house and was living in it with two other bachelors when he and Shirley were married. The bachelors moved out when Shirley moved in, and then the new firm of Kennard & Kennard set to work remodeling the place. It was something of a feat to make over a 14-foot-wide "colonial" into a 14-foot-wide "spacious contemporary" --while living in it. What they achieved was --and is--a charming residence, one of the sweetest little houses in all of Foggy Bottom.

But after the advent of Peter four years ago and the promise of Lisa, who was to appear in November 1958, the Kennards reluctantly realized they had outgrown their place, and sold it, just a year ago, to Dee and Nan Von Wagenen.

But fortunately for Foggy Bottom and the Foggy Bottom News we didn't lose the Kennards entirely when they moved away. (They found an adequate house for family and business at 4011 Thornapple Street, Washington 15, D. C.) As every reader of this paper knows, Shirley continued to be our art editor and to supply us with her delightful illustrations. Likewise, Hunter kept up his interest in the folks back home in Foggy Bottom. In this, their new and larger venture, we wish them every success, and when we need an architect we shall always think of Kennard & Kennard.

THE FOGGY BOTTOM NEWS

The Foggy Bottom News is published from time to time by the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association.

Charley Rogers, Editor	FE 3-3157
Shirley Kennard, Art Editor	OL 2-7305
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COMING DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

Around the World in 80 Days

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South Pacific

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HUGHES MEWS? MUSE MAY CHOOSE

A literary friend of ours, hearing rumors of further restoration around Hughes Court, ventures to suggest that we change the name of the place to Hughes Mews, in keeping with the new elegance proposed for our erstwhile alley.

Mews, our literary friend reminds us, is plural for mew and is usually construed as singular. A mew in Middle English was a cage for hawks, especially when the birds were mewing (moulting). As early as 1377, King Richard's hawks were kept by his falconers in the Mews of Charing Cross, Westminster, but King Henry VIII had the place converted into stables for the monarch's horses, removing the mews (cages for moulting) but keeping the traditional name.

It was so that the mews of London came to be associated with stables, coachmen, and grooms -- men who were devoted to one pursuit, the care of horses and carriages, with their wives and children. The mews of London constituted a world of their own.

Charles Dickens tells us about a character whose "great room was built into a mews at back." It was Mr. Turveydrop, in Bleak House. And in Dombey and Son, Miss Tox's bedroom (which was at the back) "commanded a vista of mews."

In London today, actors and painters, poets and the literati often have their homes in mews. Sir Lawrence Olivier lives in one when he is in London.

As a mew in olden times was an enclosure for moulting birds, a close place of retirement or confinement, so later a mews became a cozy back street, often a cul-de-sac or blind alley, like Hughes Court today.

We thought our literary friend's proposal might appeal to our muse of poetry, as mews rhymes with choose, ewes, news, ooze, pews, ruse, sues, twos, and Heaven only knows what else. But our own poet, "Jack" Hicky (when interviewed on the matter), declared against the change.

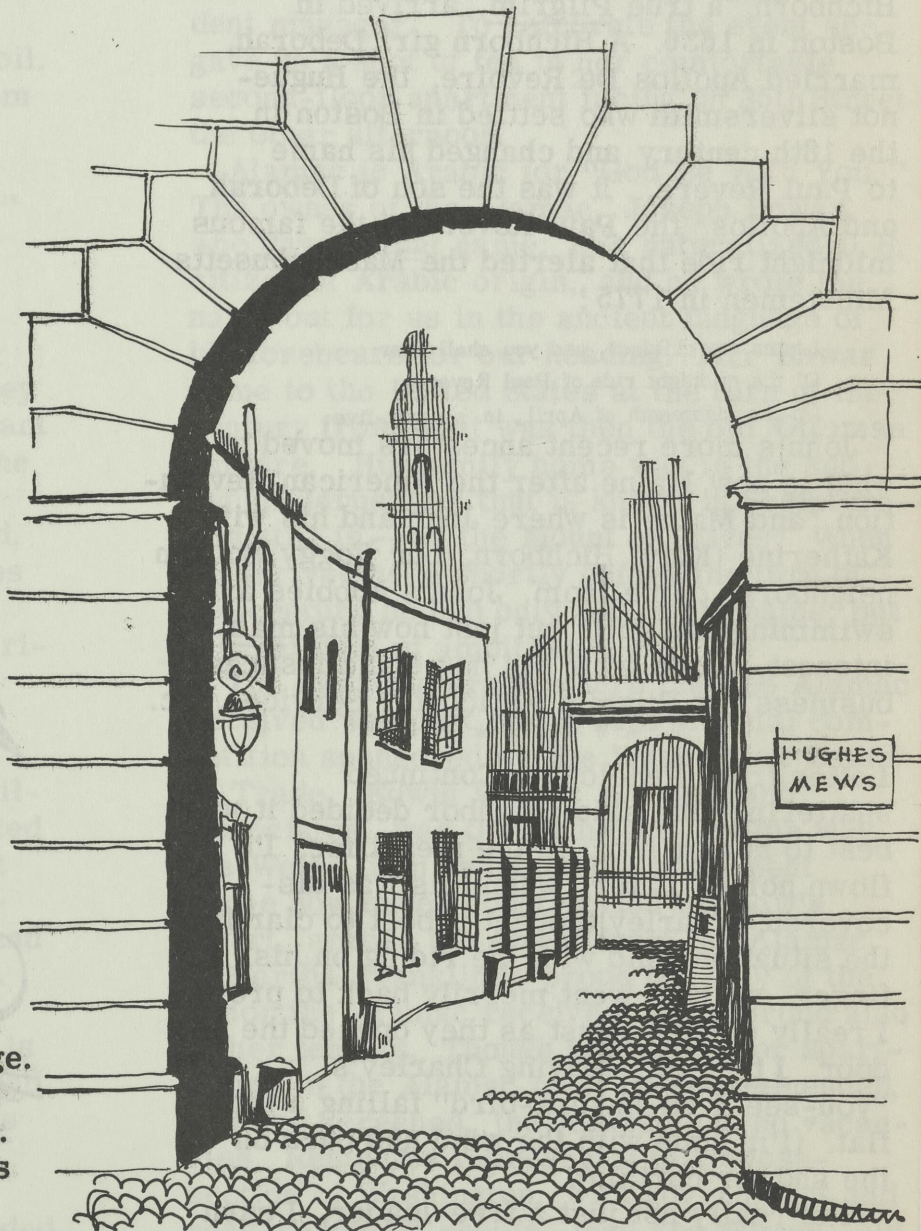
"Washington hackers never could find it with a name like that!" expostulated Jack. "It's hard enough to direct them to Hughes Court -- don't make it harder by calling it Hughes Mews!"

CALL BACK THE SPRING*

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

When you and I who now are worn with loving
Deep in these daisies, lost to Time and man,
You who were so afraid of love, of roving
Too far from where your father's acres ran,
I, fired with youth, who carry on my tongue
The words of lovers, and speak them over again--
When we are weary and no longer young,
Are half a world away from where we have lain
This sun-drenched afternoon--shall we not yearn
Dark in the night, and with a sudden cry,
Remember daisies by a hill's sharp turn,
The lass you were, the lad that once was I--
And, sated with slumber, murmur a half-heard thing,
Beseeching all the gods: Call back the spring?

* This is the title poem of one of Mr. Hicky's five volumes of published poems: Bright Harbor, Thirteen Sonnets of Georgia, Call Back The Spring, Wild Heron, and Never The Nightingale. All are now out of print, but the author is working on his sixth book, as yet untitled. He hopes to have it ready for his publisher next fall or spring. -- THE EDITOR



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Foggy Bottom Airline -Continued
34,000 air miles, and utilized over 80
different landing sites.

Helicopter Services is a side project
for John, who is an officer in a local
insurance firm. He had wanted to start a
helicopter service ever since his World
War II days with the Navy. But the name
of Pilgrim in the corporation's title no
doubt has some connection with John's
ancestry, for the original American
Hichborn, a true Pilgrim, arrived in
Boston in 1636. A Hichborn girl, Deborah,
married Apollos De Revoire, the Hugue-
not silversmith who settled in Boston in
the 18th century and changed his name
to Paul Revere. It was the son of Deborah
and Apollos, the Paul Revere of the famous
midnight ride that alerted the Massachusetts
Minutemen in 1775!

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five.

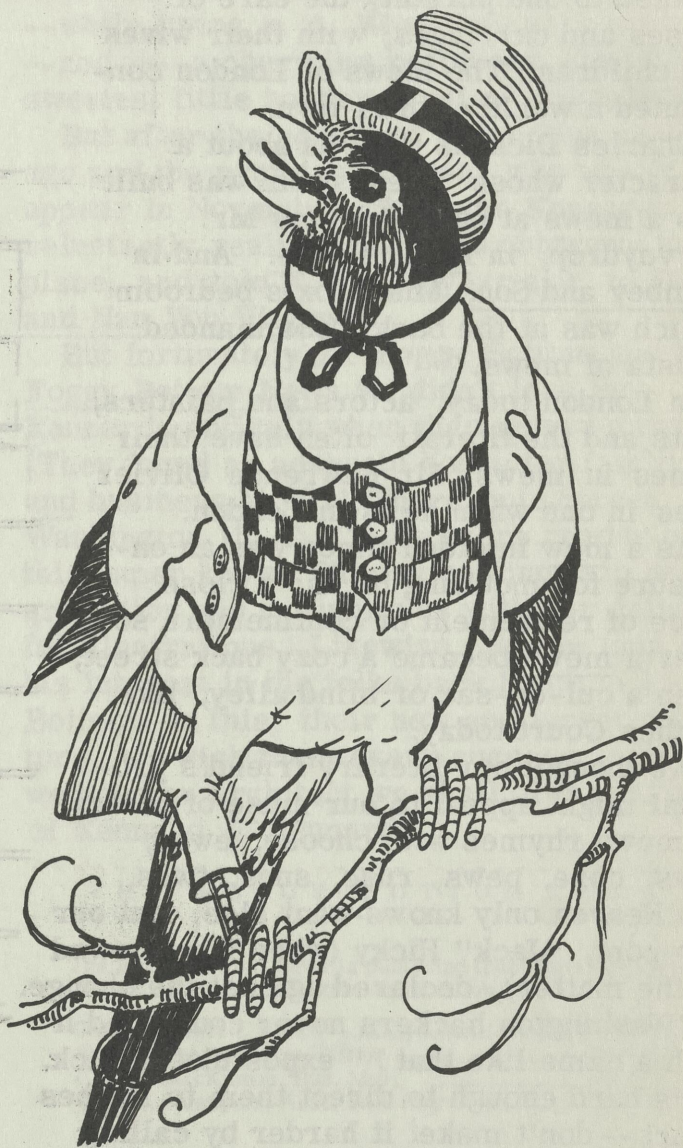
John's more recent ancestors moved to
what is now Maine after the American Revolu-
tion, and Maine is where John and his wife
Katherine (Katy) Hichborn, our Foggy Bottom
neighbors, came from. John's hobbies are
swimming and golf, but just now his main
interest, aside from his home and insurance
business, is Pilgrim Helicopter Services, Inc.

Letter from Penelope - Continued
shattering, but said neighbor decided it was
best to humor him. In the meantime, I'd
flown home. Later, when this was dis-
covered, Charley thought it best to clarify
the situation, and with me riding on his
finger, we both went merrily back to prove
I really existed. Just as they opened the
door, I took off, leaving Charley's
"you-see-I-do-have-a-bird" falling a bit
flat. (I'm gone with the wind and back on
the shower curtain).

I'm really not just a free-loader, I earn
my keep . . . after all, every house needs

a woman . . . you know, like keeping the
ashtrays clean. I do, at a 3 1/2 inch
altitude . . . I remove each butt and care-
fully drop it on the floor.

Someday I must write my memoirs. In
the meantime, if you see an excess of male
wings in the area and a nylon nest, don't
blame Mame, it's just me . . .



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FOGGY BOTTOM GARDEN NOTES

By Velva Rudd

Now that spring has come to Foggy Bottom, one of our joys is to look outward in our patios. Some of us like to garden in them, some just like to sit, and some like to do both. A few hesitant souls say that they would like to "grow things" but don't have "green thumbs." Aye, there's the rub. They don't realize that "green thumbs" are really dirty thumbs (you can wear gloves, but something always happens and you get dirty anyhow).

If you like to putter in the garden you will get your thumbs dirty (and, no doubt, considerably more of your anatomy), and your plants will flourish. If you do not enjoy the dirty part of gardening, your hands will be clean, your petunias and zinnias may give up the ghost in no time, and you will lament that you do not have a "green thumb." It is almost as simple as that. But there are other factors.

One of the first considerations is the soil. About the best we can say for Foggy Bottom soil is that it varies.

Starting at the top, most of our gardens have a layer of sand, or gravel, or "dirt." The latter is likely to have come from a vacant lot nearby, and may include anything, especially broken glass. The next stratum is almost invariably composed of clinkers and brickbats. Surprisingly, if they are not too solidly packed together, the plant roots get through them all right. Below the layer, at an indefinite depth, we find old river terrace, which consists of silt, sand, gravel, and boulders. Judging by the trees and other vegetation along the Potomac, that old alluvium is reasonably rich in nutrient materials.

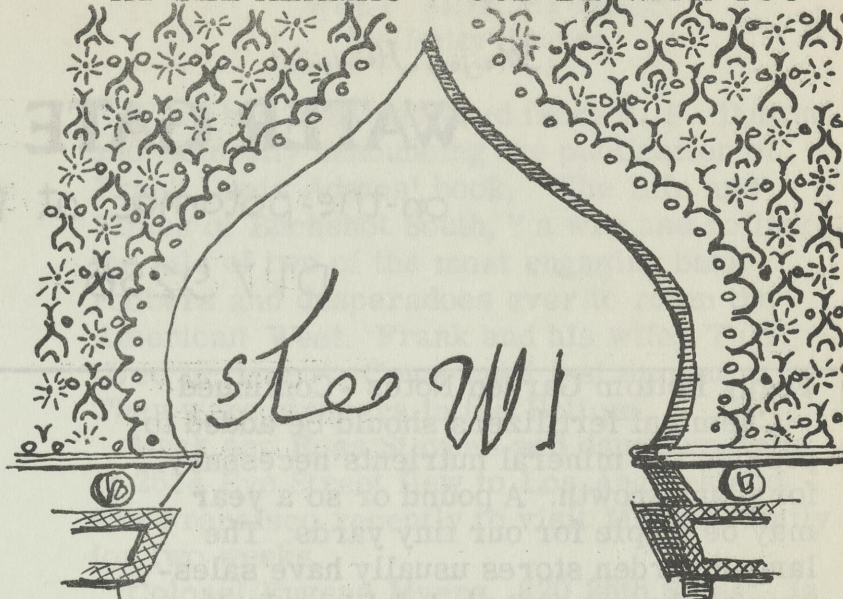
Because of the cultural history of our neighborhood, each backyard has at least one small area of extremely high soil fertility. My bamboo, I think, was luckily planted on such a spot. At the site of my thriftiest rose I dug up a china nest egg, which suggests the onetime presence of a hen house and its appurtenances.

What can we do to improve our "soil"? There are several things. One possibility is to take away the upper two or three feet, and bring in "top soil." For most of us, that is too much bother. We will do better to improve what we have.

The sand should have organic matter added to it (one of my nicest "house-warming" presents was from a friend who owns a horse). Peat moss, purchased at a garden store, can be worked in and will increase the water holding capacity of the soil. Leaf mold from the woods, coffee grounds, and sawdust can all help.

(Continued on page 10)

AT THE ALAMAC -- GOD BE WITH YOU



An award in architecture was a first-birthday present to the Alamac Apartments, 924 25th Street -- one year old on April 27. Among the 128 tenants and their wives, husbands, and children, none was happier about it than Mrs. Martha E. Franklin, resident manager. To celebrate the event she gave us a spot of tea in her comfortable second-floor apartment facing on 25th Street the other afternoon.

Alamac is Arabic for "God Be With You." The owner of the Alamac, Joseph Howar, who gave it that name, is a naturalized U. S. citizen of Arabic origin, and he wrote the name out for us in the ancient language of his forebears for our heading. Mr. Howar came to the United States at the turn of the century from what was then the old Ottoman Empire. His family home was in the suburb of Jerusalem that is known in Scripture -- and still is -- as the Mount of Olives. When he arrived here shortly before the turn of the century he had only \$40 to his name, but a great deal of ambition.

The award in architecture that the Alamac received was part of the 20th biennial competition sponsored by the Washington Board of Trade. Edwin Weihe, A. I. A., and Associates, was the architect. By the way, the Weihe firm designed the apartment house now under construction in Snow's Court, across the street from the Alamac.

Martha Franklin is proud not only of the honor the Alamac received; she's proud also of her tenants. Though applicants for apartments in the Alamac must be recommended, and are screened, the Alamac has no vacancies. Residents represent a fair cross-section of Washington, with government and nongovernment people, men and women, old and young, married and unmarried about evenly divided.

But Martha takes particular pride in her doctors, of whom she has a rather sizable colony in the Alamac. Some are practicing M. D.'s, others are studying medicine, and one is just a doctor of philosophy -- Ph. D.

(Continued on page 10)

Marjory Hendricks'

WATER GATE INN

on-the-potomac at f

DI 7 9256



Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Every day 11:30 a.m. - 10 p.m.

Foggy Bottom Garden Notes -Continued

Chemical fertilizers should be added to provide the mineral nutrients necessary for plant growth. A pound or so a year may be ample for our tiny yards. The larger garden stores usually have sales-people who are quite helpful in selecting the desired supplies. The instructions on the packages should be read and the advice followed.

Earthworms should definitely be encouraged, and not given the Benita Belden treatment. (Benita, my neighbor in Hughes Court, dices them, with a spade or any other handy, sharp instrument). The creatures can regenerate a new head or a new tail after a bird has taken a passing nip at them, but there are limits to their patience. A much kinder attitude was taken by Charles Darwin, who commented: "The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly plowed, and continues to be plowed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

With the soil in proper condition, and our hands dirty, we have a good start towards a pleasant garden.

* * * * *

AT THE ALAMAC -Continued

One of the Alamac's medical families is a doctor couple, both man and wife, M. D. 's. They are Dr. Alexander Kessler, Captain, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, stationed at Walter Reed Medical Center, and his wife, Dr. Susi Kessler, Resident Physician, George Washington University Hospital, and their twins, Ann and Daniel, born last October 17. (Ann is acrobatic and Daniel is contemplative. We think these twins must be the first born in Foggy Bottom since the Restoration.)

Dr. Philip Lazeroff, another of the Alamac doctors, got his M. D. degree just

this month at GW. He and Marilyn, his wife, plan a much needed vacation before they settle down in Boston where Phil will begin his internship at the New England Center Hospital in that city. While Phil was studying at GW Marilyn kept busy with her work as a speech therapist for the D. C. Elementary Schools and the GW Speech Clinic.

Like the Lazeroffs, neighbors at the Alamac, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Peterson are a doctor-teacher team. Dr. Peterson is stationed with the Surgery Outpatient Clinic, U. S. Public Health Service, and Mrs. Peterson is a teacher in the D. C. public schools.

Still another couple at the Alamac, Richard and Sandra Schoenfeld, are a doctor-teacher team. Dr. Richard, a graduate of Syracuse Medical School, is serving his internship at GW and next year will be a medical resident. Sandra teaches at the Young Elementary School in the District and plans to continue in her job next year.

Dr. César Augusto Cáceres, who lives in apartment 210 of the Alamac, is a native of Honduras. He is doing research in frequency spectrum electrocardiography under a research fellowship at George Washington Hospital. Dr. Cáceres studied at Georgetown University and had postgraduate training in Boston.

Robert and Dorothea Cantrill by rights belong to the Alamac medical colony though this man-and-wife are still working for his degree. He's third year in the GW School of Medicine and is training at D. C. General Hospital on a fellowship. While Husband Phil keeps busy with his books and lab work, Dorothea helps pass the time and pay the rent serving as a medical secretary.

The Alamac's nonmedical doctor is Dr. Louis Peselnick, physicist with the U. S. Geological Survey, Geophysics Branch. He teaches part-time at Catholic University.

Alamac has 128 apartments -- 96 efficiencies and 32 bedroom apartments. They rent
(continued on page 11)

Abend's Florist

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OUR FRIEND, COLONEL McGRATH

One of our friendliest neighbors, Colonel Henry Lockwood McGrath, died suddenly, stricken by a heart attack, at his home early on the morning of February 27. The Colonel-- or "Mac" as most of us knew him here in Foggy Bottom--had been in ill health for some time past, having spent several weeks last summer and fall at Walter Reed Hospital under the care of physicians. But he had been released from the hospital, and was thought to be out of danger, when he was fatally stricken.

The McGraths -- Mac and Helen -- lived at 2629 Eye, and Helen is continuing to make her home there. They had worked with the builder in the design of the house, and Mac took great pride in their achievement. Most of all, Mac loved the patio, and he and Helen, with their host of friends, spent many happy hours there, for their patio was an outdoor living room.

Mac was active in the affairs of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association and always was willing to take on hard assignments for the organization. He probably knew more people by their first names than any other resident of the Bottom.

Besides Helen, he leaves a son, named for his father, and a daughter, Mrs. Penny Lewis, of Menlo Park, Calif. The son and his wife, and their 3 children are soon to move to Washington from Bethlehem, Pa.

The Colonel was a native of Cleveland. He was graduated from West Point with the class of 1922. He was retired from active duty with the army in 1950 -- he suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis that year. Taking up residence in Washington in 1956 he joined the firm of the Jones Kreeger Company and served as manager of Mutual Funds.

During World War II he served in the North African Campaign in Task Force A (our first Task Force) and made five landings -- Casablanca, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio and Southern France, for which he was awarded the Croix de Guerre with two palms and the Legion of Merit. He was on the logistical planning staff for 4 major invasions. At the end of the war he was made a member of the Army General Staff, and on his assignment as military attache to Copenhagen, Denmark, Helen joined him. In 1947 he was ordered to Damascus, Syria, when the Syrian-Palestinian war broke out. His tour of duty at Damascus ended in 1950 when he became ill and returned to the United States and retired from active Army life.

* * * * *

AT THE ALAMAC - Continued

from \$87.50 up -- up to \$155.00 for the best view on the 8th floor.

Martha Franklin keeps an open-door policy towards all her teeming apartment family -- she never turns down a distress call even if she's just about to sit down to a steak dinner when the doorbell rings. She has been with The B. F. Saul Co., rental agent for Mr.

WEST SIDE STORIES

By Betty Brown

Word has been received from E. P. Dutton and Company announcing the publication of Frank Davis Adams' book, "The Life and Times of Buckshot South," a wry and rollicking tale of two of the most engaging bank-robbers and desperadoes ever to roam the American West. Frank and his wife, Tula, lived in Green's Court until last summer. They were pioneers in the Bottom.

Mack and Ross Stevens and daughter Kate of 2614 Eye Street flew to Los Angeles and San Francisco recently to visit Mack's family for two weeks.

Colonel Eugene Myers, 820 26th Street, is a collector extraordinary. One of his most interesting collections is that of miniature cannons. They are the actual scale models which preceded the large cannons that were used in the wars of the 16th through the 19th centuries in Europe. Colonel Myers has searched for these for years and found them in the Scandinavian countries, North Africa, England, Germany, and Ireland.

A very distinguished visitor was the guest of Miss Josephine Thompson, 2622 Eye St. one weekend during January. This was Charlie Thompson, Josephine's 8-year-old nephew from Philadelphia. Little Charlie enjoyed seeing the Lincoln Memorial, the Wax Museum, and the graves of the Unknown Soldiers; but most of all he enjoyed a private rehearsal at home given by Miss Louise Latham just for him. Miss Latham was staying on in the Bottom then to take the role of leading lady in the next Arena production "A Month in the Country," which opened in February. Both her performances -- in "The Devil's Disciple" and "A Month in the Country"--were highly praised by critics and enjoyed by all who saw them. A fine artist is our adopted Foggy Bottom actress Louise Latham, everybody in Foggy Bottom agrees, and Charley Thompson of Philadelphia will go along with that appraisal, if not more.

Briggs Montgomery School. -- The population of children in Foggy Bottom has decreased so much that the north end of the Briggs Montgomery School on 27th Street now is used as the Administration Annex for Engineers, Custodians, and Laborers of the District of Columbia Public Schools, and the National Capital Parks and Trees Department.

(continued on page 12)

Howar, for 10 years. Before she took over as resident manager of the Alamac she worked at the York, at 532 20th, as assistant manager for the same firm. A grandmother--two married daughters and five grandchildren--Martha is a widow of charm and grace, nice to have as a neighbor in Foggy Bottom.

West Side Stories - Continued

Our thanks and praise to Paul J. Shackelford, Engineer-Custodian of the School, for the fine job he does in maintaining not only the school grounds but both sides of 27th Street in a neat manner. His pleasant personality plus his willingness to help anyone in the neighborhood is greatly appreciated. His pride in his work is commendable. Mr. Shackelford lives in Maryland. He was educated in St. Marys County, Maryland. He has been at our school four years. It is a big job but he has a very capable assistant in Ardian C. Middleton.

Residents of Foggy Bottom are also grateful to All-American Football Star Sidney Parker, Recreation Director of the school. His work in guidance with the children is reflected in their improved conduct in our neighborhood. His services, which are for all ages of children and adults, includes arts and crafts, ceramics, low organized games as well as sports. His day starts at 9 and ends at 9 the year round. Summer time is an extremely busy season. Mr. Parker was graduated from Cardozo High School here in Washington and was awarded a scholarship in athletic ability - football. At Central State College, Wilberforce, Ohio, Mr. Parker majored in health, physical education and recreation. He made All-American in football in 1952 and continued to play the game during his two years in the Army at Breckenridge, Kentucky, with the 101st Airborne Division. He has been at Briggs-Montgomery for four years.

PHILADELPHIANS FOLLOW THE BOTTOM

By Betty Brown

Two of our most avid Foggy Bottom News fans are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Greenberg, Jr., of Philadelphia and Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Joe lived in Washington during World War II and often dined at the Watergate Inn. And, though he doesn't know Foggy-Bottomites today, he finds our News interesting and well done. "A neighborhood paper in a large city -- especially in the Nation's Capital, where people from all over the world come for comparatively short residences--is such a splendid idea. It introduces newcomers, identifies their neighbors and keeps them informed of activities in our little downtown village."

Joe's nationally known as a sculptor. He has exhibited in major museums and was honored with a one-man show at the famous Galleria Dell 'Obelisko in Italy. He has exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia his work was shown in fiber glass. Some of his most recent work is represented in a sculpture of two bears in granite at the Philadelphia Zoo and a plaque which was presented to His Excellency Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, last spring at Lincoln University where His Excellency graduated.

GOINGS-ON ON 25th STREET

By Betty Harrison

914 25th has changed owners for the third time and Margaret Hays seemed to love it so much that she stalled for two weeks before going on a long-planned months' vacation in Texas after serving as a consul of the United States in foreign climes.

The Foggy Bottom garden at the corner of 25th and Eye is thriving like mad, thanks to the herculean labor of Angie Brain and Jack Bobbitt. They've been seeding, weeding, and transplanting in spite of some psychopath hobo who has been creeping in, in the middle of the night, to snip off tulips and iris, and stamp on the stems.

Sis and Gordon Campbell had their daughter Hooker down to stay with them while she had her tonsils out. This was far from a casual experience, since poor Hooker was dreadfully sick. Luckily, she was under the loving care of her mother and father rather than with her own two attractive and active little sons.

The new apartment on 25th Street we welcome--if we have to have apartments. At least it's only two stories high and each apartment is almost a house. And we welcome into our midst those we know who have already decided to live there. Charlotte Eisler will be moving her concert grand into Number 939-B; the Quinn's will live above her at 939-A; the McCandliss' will be in 943-B; Mr. Randolph, with his bride, in 943-A (they were not yet married when we wrote this, but will be when they move in!); and the Duncans' in 954-A.

Jack Bobbitt has had his annual redecorating spree with his front garden. He dug everything up that looked so lovely to the uninitiated eye last year, and replaced it with something even more spectacular (or possibly harder) this time. He has also finished putting in a new fence on his patio; Betty Harrison has decided to make her life simple--she has flagstoned every inch of hers.

Dotty Cascione in 906 25th has a new roommate--and the deletable odors from her barbecue are one of the first signs of spring.

Dick Sullivan in 909 25th is now living in lonely splendor. His roommate Leo Nevitt was appointed Regional Attorney in Atlanta (Ga.).

Fran and Joe McLaughlin in 910 haven't done so much with their house this last month -- except for putting in all sorts of new lighting arrangements and readjusting their new furniture -- because they have been jaunting off to Philadelphia, Savannah, and everywhere but points west. Fran isn't missing the airlines at all.

FOGGY BOTTOM IS LIKE THIS --News in Paris is not what is reported by the journalists. It is solely that fragment of world events which the Parisian chooses as a suitable subject for conversation over an apertif.--Aubrey Menen in Holiday.

EYE STREET ITEMS --- 2500 BLOCK

By Harriet Gruger

Our newest neighbors--Around the first of February, Harold "Rainy" and Marianne Rainville became the owners of one of our showplaces--none other than Russ and Jack's masterpiece at 2508 Eye, "the house that Jack built."

The Rainvilles are not exactly newcomers to these parts. For a number of years they have been in Washington during the sessions of the Congress. Mr. Rainville formerly served as Special Assistant for Public Relations and Patronage to Senator Dirksen. The remainder of their time has been divided between their home town of Evanston, Illinois, and the Virgin Islands. But we're told they'll probably be settling more or less permanently right here in Foggy Bottom since their son, a graduate of the Landon School and now a Freshman at Dartmouth College has interests to bring him back to Washington. Mrs. Rainville's mother is with them. Youngest member of the family is "Dolly," a toy Schnauzer recently acquired from Lee and Rudy.

Visitors--Paul Vaniman's parents made their annual trip from Dayton, Ohio, to visit in Foggy Bottom in April. . . . We had as our guest of the May first weekend Bernice Bash of Kansas City, Mo., and Ohio. On May 6 she embarked aboard the S. S. Queen Mary for seven months in Europe. The purpose of the trip was to try to forget what it was like to go to work every day. To help her forget, Harriet (the author of these Eye-Street Items) is going to join her for the last nine weeks of the sojourn.

New Jobs--Lennie Rayl recently became coordinator of store displays for the William E. Miller Furniture Company on Capitol Hill. Lennie left the position of decorating consultant at The Side Door in Georgetown. He had previously been in the Decorating Studio at Woodward & Lothrop. Rufus Lisle had to give up a trip to Europe with his mother, planned for May, in order to accept a new job--that of sales manager for the National Housing Center. A nice promotion for Rufus, but we hear it will involve considerable traveling and lots of hard work. John Howerton, since March, has been administrative assistant to the Law Department, Association of American Railroads. After completing his work for the B. S. and M. A. at the University of Richmond and the law degree at GW, John was on the staff of Congressman W. M. Abbitt of Virginia for 9½ years before taking this position.

Educational--Pat Lauriat received a Master of Science degree at the American University June commencement. She majored in sociology. Two versions of her thesis, "Marriage and Fertility Patterns of College Graduates," have been accepted for publication --a popular article in The Population Bulletin

in September, and a technical article in The Eugenics Quarterly in September or December. Pat received her Bachelor's at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. She's a survey statistician in demography in the Bureau of the Census. Pat owns two houses in Foggy Bottom--2502 Eye Street, where she lives, and 913 Hughes Court, which she rents. By the way, she has just rented the Hughes Court house to newcomers in Foggy Bottom--Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sloane, who are both Government attorneys. We hope the Sloanes will become permanent residents of Foggy Bottom.

Traveler--Marjory Hendricks, recently took a swing around the circle to touch New York, Chicago, and points Midwest. In New York Marjory attended an executive board meeting of the Casa Materna Society of the U. S., then went on to Chicago for an Art Institute meeting, the annual Duncan Hines dinner and the National Restaurant Convention. Next she visited her old Red Cross friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hix in Winona, Minn., returning to Chicago for the St. Mary's Alumni meeting, and wound up with a visit to Madison, Wis., to foregather with Betty Cass Willoughby, radio and newspaper writer.

WEATHER BUREAU, A FOGGY BOTTOM INSTITUTION

By Katharine M. Brooks

"This is the latest Weather Bureau forecast for Washington and vicinity. . . ." This statement and what follows it, delivered in dulcet feminine tones, is familiar to all of us who dial WE 6-1212. But the weather report is only one of the great variety of valuable services rendered to the public "free-gratis-for-nothing" by the Weather Bureau.

The Bureau first was established by the Signal Corps of the Army in 1870, with headquarters at 17th and G Streets, on the petticoats of Foggy Bottom. By Act of Congress in October 1890, the Bureau was placed under the Department of Agriculture. It's easy to understand the transfer. It was in order to give the farmers the benefit of weather prognostications. In Agriculture it stayed until the President's Reorganization Plan, effective June 30, 1940, when the Bureau was taken over by the Commerce Department. Much of its work now is for the benefit of commercial aviation.

The Bureau has hung onto the skirts of Foggy Bottom. In 1888 it moved to 24th and M Streets, and sometime in between it had been housed at 1511 20th Street. One source tells that the house at 2400 M Street was built by "a retired Marine Corps Col. Thompson" and that the building "later was used as an embassy." Knowing that embassies were VERY few and far between

(continued on page 14)

Weather Bureau -Continued

in those early days, your writer queried the information. And from the Washingtonian, a division of the Public Library, a newspaper clipping, probably from The Evening Star, came to light. The date was 1882 and the short article was headed "Old Landmarks: Interesting Reminiscences of a Noted House in the First Ward." Apparently the house was about to be torn down although the story didn't say so. It reveals its past glories in these words: "Built to resemble the White House on a smaller scale, by Col. Thompson of the Marine Corps." The piece goes on to state that Mrs. Thompson was the daughter of Colonel Burroughs, the first Commandant of the Marine Corps, and that the Thompson wedding was the first to be held in the Commandant's house at the Marine Barracks.

Further quoting the 1882 clipping, "Col. Thompson was noted as the handsomest man of his day and his wife was remarkable for her agreeable and accomplished manners." Grief over a daughter's death ultimately caused Mrs. Thompson's derangement, and it was said that the "passerby could see this sad lady wandering about the lonely grounds in her over her sorrows." After the death of both Colonel and Mrs. Thompson, the property was sold. The present building was started in 1940, with the dedication taking place November 15 of that year.

* * * * *

TERRAZZO, AND 5-MINUTE SERVICE (From Our State Department Reporter)

Our new State Department building, due for completion in April 1960, will house 8,000 employees. One of its many features will be a handsome auditorium, to be entered from 23rd Street.

Gray marble is being used in the foyer, and the floor will be black and white terrazzo. Besides the latest aids to speakers, it will contain booths for simultaneous interpretation and special reserved space for the press. The seating capacity will be 801, an increase of 599 over the present auditorium.

Seats will be staggered and spaced so that there will be room in front of persons who are seated, and no need to fall over massed feet in reaching a seat in the middle of a row.

The back of the auditorium is on the second floor level, while the front is on the first floor, and this will make for greater visibility. All in all, the new auditorium will be a definite asset to the State Department, whether it is used for international conferences or for smaller departmental affairs.

A pneumatic tube system is being installed in the new building. It will have 57 receiving and sending stations, located in message centers. Documents will be transmitted in oval tubes, and each tube station will have a symbol. When a document is to be sent from

one point to another it will be placed in a tube and two dials will be set with the proper combination. The container will pass through a central monitor which will electronically read the combination and send it on to its final destination. All this will require less than 5 minutes between even the most distant points. Rapid transit with a capital R!

ARENA STAR INEZ LARSON'S GUEST

Marion Morris, who played the leading woman's role in "Epitaph for George Dillon," the spring production at Arena Stage, was the guest of Inez Larson, 2424 Eye Street, during her stay in Washington.

The route Marion took to stardom was by way of repertory theater in Paris, the Halls of Ivy, Madison Avenue, and a one-woman folk song act presented all over the world, as Eileen Summers summarized her career in a feature article about Marion in the Post.

And Richard L. Coe, also in the Post, praised Marion's acting and the production itself. He wrote that the production of "Epitaph for George Dillon" dramatized Arena Stage's quickening role in our community, "and then added that he suspected "its first rate quality no other theater in our land can match."

Up to curtain time of the opening show at the Arena Stage, Marion was working hard at polishing the lower middle-class British accent demanded of her role. But accents and dialects come almost without effort to Marion, expert linguist that she is. She speaks fluently French, German, and Spanish, and for several years taught French at the University of Utah, in her native state. She lived and studied five years in France after post-graduate work at Mills College and Columbia. Marion will tell you that she comes by her singing and acting talent from her mother, Emma Ramsey Morris, opera and concert singer.

While waiting for a stage job in New York, Marion took a job in the Seventh Avenue garment district in which she gathered material for night club acts to come later. Then there were successful years in Madison Avenue with advertising agencies, her talents bent on extolling baling wire, cess-pools, and fertilizers. Finally, she got the long-awaited stage job, with a stock company, but Marion has managed since to work in more substantial theaters. She played in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Time Out for Ginger," and "The Cellar and the Well," and toured with Estelle Winwood in "Gigi" and with Carol Channing in "Pygmalion." For three seasons she was a member of the Elitch's Gardens Company in Denver.

GREEK COOKIES BY MARIANTHE

By John Howerton

Since this is the first full edition since our February meeting, it is our first opportunity to thank Mrs. Marianne Mellonas for the delightful Greek cookies (Kolouria) which were served at that meeting.

These cookies are traditionally a part of the Greek Easter celebration, and are first served with roast lamb and eggs (whose shells have been dyed red) in the wee hours of Sunday morning just after the midnight Easter service. The Easter season lasts 40 days and the cookies are served at all the celebrations and on the Holy Days throughout the season. They are about twice the size of our American cookies.

Mrs. Mellonas is a comparatively new member of our Association. She is the wife of Pete Mellonas, proprietor of Mellonas Restaurant at 2514 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., where she reigns as "The Hostess with the Mostes."

Kolouria are not on the menu at the restaurant, but Mrs. Mellonas has kindly provided us with the recipe.

Greek Cookies - Kolouria

1/2 lb. butter	3-1/2 tsp. heaping
1/2 doz. eggs	baking powder
3 tsp. vanilla	2 cups of sugar
	1/2 cup cream

Flour sifted - approx. 9 cups

Cream butter, add sugar and vanilla. Beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs and continue to beat until blended. Add cream and gradually add flour, kneading until dough can be rolled without sticking. Shape into twists. Brush cookies with beaten egg and bake at 350° for approximately 20-30 minutes.

OUR GALLANT FIRE FIGHTERS

By Katharine M. Brooks

"Ooh! My! Some poor soul in the Bottom tried to get warm and set the house on fire!" Cora, our "retainer," would exclaim as Number 2 Hook and Ladder swung around Washington Circle and down New Hampshire Ave. twenty-five years ago.

That was before the building of GW Hospital when the old Plaza Apartment was standing on the Circle and no restoration of Foggy Bottom had been thought of.

Number 2 Truck, as the hook and ladder now is known, is housed on New Hampshire Avenue at M Street but shortly will be moved to 23d and M Streets to a new building which will be built where the old public school has stood for so many years. Combined in this new building with Number 2 Truck will be Number 1 Engine, now on K Street near 17th.

Number 2 Truck formerly was known as B Truck. It first occupied its present building on January 17, 1879, and records have been kept throughout the years--the time of alarm, how many hours the Truck was out,

what burned and where, as well as how the alarm came to the company and the estimated damage. It is rewarding to look over the ledgers kept eighty years ago in pen and ink and note the unfaded color of the ink and the beautiful penmanship of those heroic fire-fighters when the Nation's Capital was only a village. One of the early alarms came from Box 27 at 4:10 a. m. and the Truck was out two hours. The fire was at a private residence at Rhode Island Avenue and R St., and the estimated damage was \$350. A lot of money back in 1879!

When Truck B first was housed on New Hampshire Avenue at M Street, the hook and ladder was pulled by horses. These were housed in stalls against the north wall with the hook and ladder beside them. It is interesting to note some of the requisitions for the company in those early days. For June 1880 the needs were 4 bushels of oats, 3 bushels of meal, 1, 200 pounds of hay, 150 pounds of cut hay, and some straw. This took care of six horses.

B Truck responded to a call from the slaughter house at 4th and G Streets, N. W. on June 1, 1879, for a fire which did \$8,000 damage. On September 1 of the same year a fire in a drugstore at Bridge and Congress Streets, a property of George Washington University, caused only \$1.00 damage. A conflagration in a stable at High and Dumbarton Streets on February 8, 1880, kept the company out for 24 hours.

Number 2 Truck was one of only two in the Department before 1884 when a third one was added. Now there are seventeen. Among the general alarms recorded in the early days was that of March 26, 1886, in the War Department at 17th and Pennsylvania Avenue when the company was out 2 hours. Another was March 13, 1884 in "a hotel at 14th Street and Pennsylvania Ave. N. W." when they were out 4 hours and the estimated damage was \$5,000. An 8-hour job was that August 7, 1884, on 26th St. between J and K, when the estimated damage again was \$5,000. J Street long ago was omitted from our street name.

The Fire Department of the District of Columbia is rated third among those of cities of its size, and Number 2 was named the best in the city in 1958 for its brilliant and valiant work on the Cairo Hotel fire.

APRIL IN WASHINGTON

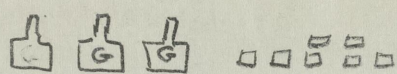
Spring and art and youth are likely to burst out at the same time. The leaves have burst on the trees, the young man's feet have burst from his shoes and the young lady's firmly clutched paint brush is ready for inspiration. The place is Foggy Bottom, the time is now and the young painters had no idea a photographer was lurking behind them.

--From the Washington News,
April 22, 1959

GOLD'S LIQUORS

2501 PENN. AVE.

AD-2-7934



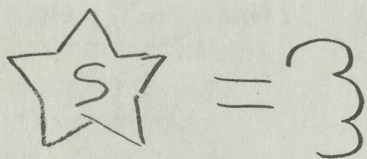
AD-2-0793

PATIO SPECIAL - 3 FIFTHS OF GIN - \$8.25

KEEP COOL WITH GOLDS

The Sheriff Says -

That the statues in front of 2501 H, while not designed by sis Campbell have been named Rhea and Pat by the neighbors....that little Katherine Hartnack missed being an heiress by two days...that our Prexy Socks is perturbed over the blossom thievery in the area...that while the police caught a lot of folks for driving over the sidewalk, it is still muddy in the 900 blk of 26th....the 1000 blk of 26th has another beeeootiful door...that the Educated Dames building at 24th and G certainly is abuilding at a slow rate...that we were lucky to not have a lot of bad publicity on that C & C Club such as it now gets at another address...that the Campbells boat is bigger than their car... that new filling station is not Scotch about lighting up the place....that Peoples new bldg will have 2 flagpoles ...that the birds had a feast on the mulberries around here...that the Roscoe Ajax building in the 900 blk of 25th certainly messed up the sidewalk...that the new trees would appreciate a drink--of water--from you once in a while...that we almost lost that boating center to the upper Potomac...that it promises to be a long hot summer...that we hope you enjoy it muchly....



RICHARD BELL-ACE CLEANERS
2008 EYE ST. - ST3-5527 -

- HAVE YOU TRIED US FOR YOUR FINEST
CLEANING? - DROP IN AND HAVE THE
BEST-AT BELLS. - 2008 EYE ST.

NEXT MEETING -

MAY AND JUNE
COMBINED

MONDAY - JUNE 22 - 8¹⁵ P.M.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH HALL -
2430 K ST. N.W.

- REPORTS

- DISCUSSIONS

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

EVERYBODY WELCOME - COME AND GET TO KNOW
YOUR NEIGHBORS. -